Plymouth. 3 Aug.t 1833

My dear Son,

by private hand

I have an opportunity, to write a few lines in a few minutes. Your's of 1.st received an hour ago. You seem to talk of being with Delabeche (not Delaberche) as a land surveyor — it is quite a different matter, being geological. However, you need not be with him, though, I suspect, you do not understand the probable advantages, as I have explained to your uncle. The account you now give of Chorley is different from your former account. In some respect you must judge for yourself. I do not see a sufficient excuse for your not telling me of your whereabout. You never say you will be in town till you receive my answer — this is explicit. As a counter-fire, you talk of my not acknowledging M.r S.'s letter; he knows it was my former stipulation that if I did not write within three days after my ordering a remittance, it was a proof that I had received it — this was done to avoid expence of postage.

Since writing the above, it seems to me far preferable to go to the cost of postage than to run the hazard of their being delivered, or rather forwarded, by private hand. The expence of your living in London, according to your account, ought to be ~~increased~~ stopped. I leave you to do as you think best in regard to M.r

Chorley, as I cannot know more than you [illegible] are written, and your present letter contradicts your [illegible] ner one— contradicts it essentially. You must do as you please, making use of all the foresight and wisdom you possess.

I have written <u>five</u> Reviews for the next Paper. Booksellers seeing their publications noticed with a sort of trading (at least) knowledge, send their volumes, and I am becoming rich in new books. I have silenced the Tory press here,— it is quiet and civil.

Elizabeth goes on well— so does the cat. Last Thursday I advertised for a companion boarder and lodger; this I determined to try, though I do not expect to find an applicant to my mind. My neighbours are all a strange unliterary set— tories into the bargain. I am on the best terms with all, but of [illegible] what avail? Old Bowles talks often to me of the scoundrel young men who wantonly meddle with other folks' gardens! Miss Rumsey is a horrible bore. Several poor people here have been found guilty of harbouring smuggled liquors; a warrant was out against every house in Lairs Green; the searchers came not to me or to any of the avenue residents. Mr. May is going to London on business; but I imagine you will be off before his arrival; otherwise he would tell you how young I look.

Love and compliments to the Skymers. I expect to see T. Richards next week.

Your affectionate father,
Chas. Brown.